

The Saturday News

Vol. III

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908

No. 39

THE AFTERMATH OF MR. AMES.

The article which appeared on this page following the visit of Mr. Ames to Edmonton has been widely commented upon in the press of the province. We cannot see that the criticism that has been offered of what the Saturday News had to say has had the effect of throwing any further light on the subjects dealt with in the address which the member for St. Antoine has been giving throughout the West. Certainly it does not lead us to revise the opinions which we expressed two weeks ago.

As is usually the case, when the Saturday News has anything to say on any question that is arousing much public interest, we note several references to "this so-called independent paper." These have come to us from so many different sources within the past three days that we have long since ceased to resent them. We now repeat what we have already said a dozen times, that we do not care what kind of a paper the Saturday News is called. We have discussed Mr. Ames' speech on its merits, as we have endeavored to discuss the utterances of every individual or newspaper. We want the public to judge by what we say and do, not by any pretensions that we make. With any of our contemporaries who disagree with us we are prepared to argue any point that they may raise. They will always find that we are willing to treat their opinions with respect. But we maintain that it is no argument to apply to us a general term of reproach.

The Medicine Hat Times says:

"One of the newspapers that can't sit still (under Mr. Ames' charges) is the so-called independent paper, the Edmonton News, the editor of which is honest but has had the misfortune of an early Liberal training. The stand of an independent paper defending a corruption it does not deny the existence of is surprising."

We cannot see what the editor's early training has to do with the discussion of Mr. Ames' charges. He has never outlived his personality on this page. His career has nothing more to do with the discussion regarding the Ames charges, than the fact that Mr. Ames is a hood and shoe manufacturer has to do with what he has to say about the Government's timber policy. The Times and other Alberta newspapers have found fault with Liberal contemporaries who have alluded to his connection with a protected industry—and rightly so.

Why the Saturday News should "sit still" under Mr. Ames' charges, we do not see. We are in the habit of discussing all public topics in which our readers are interested. Further, we have not "defended a corruption" we do not deny the existence of.

Four weeks ago, there was another newspaper which referred to the Saturday News as a "so-called independent," the identical phrase used by the Times. The Times is the Conservative journal in Medicine Hat. But the paper which made use of the phrase on the former occasion was the Alberta, the Liberal newspaper of Calgary. What led to it, strange to say, was also some comment on Mr. Ames' visit which appeared on this page. The attacks which were being made on Mr. Ames, quite apart from what he had to say in his addresses, were resented by the Saturday News. What it said at that time, in reply to the Alberta, was widely reproduced in the Conservative press. But just as soon as we say something that does not agree with their plan of campaign, bouquets of another description begin to come our way.

The Edmonton Journal on two successive days devoted its whole editorial page to a criticism of the opinions advanced by the Saturday

News. We regret that, in justice to our readers, we cannot occupy the space that is necessary for a complete answer to the Journal. We would refer those who are much interested back to the article of two weeks ago in which we think that we covered the ground thoroughly. The conclusions that we reached on that occasion have, we maintain, not been challenged successfully in a single respect.

In its opening sentence, the Journal declares that the Saturday News criticizes Mr. Ames "in common with other Liberal organs, great and small, subsidized and otherwise." The phrase is a trifle indefinite, though, as the article that follows is wholly devoted to the Saturday News, the average reader can hardly be blamed if he takes the meaning from it that this paper ranks in the subsidized class. We have only this to say in the interests of clearness, that we have never received from the Government that Mr. Ames has been attacking any so-called patronage that the Journal itself has not received.

The Journal was in a fighting mood all right when it undertook to answer the Saturday News. It couldn't even let what we had said in Mr. Ames' favor pass unchallenged. Liberal newspapers, as we have pointed out, attacked Mr. Ames because he was a protected manufacturer. We noted this line of attack and declared that it had no justification, that he wasn't discussing a tariff and that his charges of maladministration should stand by themselves. Yet here we have the Journal attacking the Saturday News for its references to the fiscal question, when all that we said was that the fiscal question hadn't anything to do with Mr. Ames' campaign and shouldn't be discussed in this connection at all. It took the Journal ten days to prepare its answer. Surely in that time it could have read our article more carefully.

The Saturday News pointed out that the system under which these alleged scandals took place was the same as that which the present government found in force in 1896 and which had been introduced in 1889. "Now is this not a fine defence to allege," says the Journal. "The Conservatives did wrong and, therefore, it must be perfectly legitimate for the Liberals to do the same."

No such defence was made. No charge has been made that the Conservatives "did wrong" during the period prior to 1896 in which the system was in force. Both parties were agreed that it had worked well during these years. What more natural, then, that the Liberal Government should have continued it. Mr. Ames stated that there had been changes made since 1896. But he mentioned but one particular in which there had been an alteration and the reason why that was introduced was fully explained on this page two weeks ago. In all essential respects the system in force was the same from 1889 to the latter part of 1907. Neither Mr. Ames nor the Journal has advanced a iota of information to prove this is not the case.

"Mr. Sifton gives an explanation," continues the Journal, "and the News ventures that the change had no effect on the department's practice. Well, it had one serious effect and the News will not deny it, that Sifton, Burrows, Turfitt, Adamson, A. W. Fraser and the Imperial Pulp Company succeeded in securing 6500 square miles of timber lands, the pick of the west, for very little consideration, each bid being invariably successful."

Will the Journal please explain how the change, mentioned by Mr. Ames, brought about all this? Mr. Ames attacked first the system and then the way it had been administered. In the paragraph above quoted, the Journal confuses the two parts of the indictment. It is no proof that a system is a bad one

The Edmonton Tennis Tournament



A group of players taken in the course of the first tournament held in the city last Friday, Saturday and Monday.

to say that it was improperly administered. But this is what the Journal contends over and over again throughout its article.

In the interests of clearness we should know what we are discussing. Leaving the system aside, then, let us look at the way it was administered.

The paragraph quoted above is an excellent sample of extreme recklessness of statement. We have never seen any record of either Mr. Sifton or Mr. Turfitt holding a timber limit. Nor has the name of Mr. Adamson figured in the discussion. Mr. Burrows has been a lumberman in the west for thirty years. Mr. Fraser has extensive connections with those engaged in the lumbering industry. The Imperial Pulp Co., as we explained two weeks ago, was formed to promote a legitimate business enterprise, which may yet mean big things for the city of Edmonton. Where was the crime in their endeavoring to secure timber limits? Every other man in the country had a similar chance to put in his tender for every limit on which they made an offer.

The Journal uses figures quite as recklessly as it does names. It refers to 6500 square miles of timber lands, "the pick of the west," as being acquired by those whom it mentions. As it happens, this amount is a trifle in excess of the total of the lands disposed of in the west from 1896 to date. In that case, how does it happen that Messrs McDonald and Fryth, a firm of Ottawa lumbermen well-known in Alberta, on whose behalf Mr. Ames has been appealing to his audiences for sympathy, acquired 498 square miles in that period, only 36 square miles less than was acquired by Mr. Burrows? J. D. McArthur, who is also not unknown here, bought 497 square miles and there are many others who might be mentioned, some making larger and some small purchases. How do these facts square with the Journal's statements? We leave it to some of our expert students of mathematics.

These 6500 miles were secured "for very little consideration" we are told. As a matter of fact, it was shown in the investigation at Ottawa that the average sum paid by the Imperial Pulp Company for its limits per square mile, \$114.50, was the second highest in the record since 1896 and that Mr. Burrows', \$112.50, was the third highest. The average price was in the neighborhood of \$80. It is not true that these tenderers always succeeded. The record showed that for birth 1281, for instance, Mr. Burrows was second to Mr. O. A. Robertson, their respective bids being \$5,000 and \$5,195. If these figures had been reversed, we presume it would have been said that Mr. Burrows had succeeded by a "mysterious agency." The most reasonable explanation of the success of the Imperial Pulp Co. and of Mr. Burrows is that their bids were throughout considerably higher. It is easy

enough to take a few isolated examples, point out that the bids were close and raise suspicion accordingly. But the complete table of Mr. Burrows' tenders shows that his bids aggregated \$59,069 and that the total of the next highest came to \$48,790.

The Journal dwells on what it deems the highly suspicious circumstance that W. H. Nolan's name was used by A. W. Fraser in making a tender. Yet in the same paragraph it tells us that James Currie's name was used in connection with the McDonald tender, which was unsuccessful. We cannot see how it could possibly be the Government's concern who tendered in whose behalf, so long as the money necessary to acquire the limit was forwarded.

As for the system of putting in more than one cheque, it was also shown conclusively that this was a common practice among tenderers. If it was a suspicious circumstance when Mr. Burrows resorted to it, so it was when Mr. J. R. Booth of Ottawa did. The Journal says it is unreasonable that information about the city was to be organized as has been suggested. But the fact remains that the system of issuing double cheques is a general practice, and that being the case cannot possibly be made to form the basis of a charge of maladministration.

The Journal goes on to remind the Saturday News that it denounced the Government in connection with the Blairmore case. What has that to do with the matters at present under discussion? We believed that a charge was made out against the Government in that case and said so. Whenever a similar charge is made in the future and proved with equal completeness, we shall adopt the same course as we did in the case referred to.

"The News," the Journal goes on to say, "asks that the Government be returned to office that this same policy be continued." When did we ask that the Government be returned to office? Our contemporary has no more right to assume that we are asking for the return of the Government because of what we have said on the Ames charges than it has for assuming that we wished its defeat because of what we said in the Blairmore case.

Harry Clarke, under arrest in Edmonton on instructions from Portland, where he is wanted on a charge of forging and obtaining goods under false pretences, went to the Misericordia Hospital on Monday to visit his wife, who is ill there. He was accompanied by Sgt.-Detective Griffiths and, having pledged himself to make no attempt to escape, was not handcuffed. After seeing his wife, however, he made a dash for the basement and managed to get out of the building. After an exciting chase, Griffiths overtook him out the Stoney Plain road, driving with two other men. Being covered with a being taken back to town. His liberty lasted for less than two hours.

PERSONALIA

The Vogreville Observer says: "Chas. Tupper, of Glenora, a son of Sir Hilbert Tupper, was in town for a few days last week. A somewhat surprising statement made by Mr. Tupper was that he was a Liberal and intended to vote for the Liberal candidate. This is enough to make old Sir Charles throw a fit."

The announcement is made of the probable retirement at the coming general elections of Jean Baptiste Morin, the Conservative member for Dorchester, Quebec, who has held his seat through all the Liberal hand slides of recent years. A couple of sessions ago, Toronto Saturday Night recalls, Mr. Morin attempted to establish a political scandal against Mr. Tobin. It was all about the so-called wharf at D'Istadi, a little backwoods place in Wolfe, where there is a small water-curtain, and consequently some lumbering operations. The claim of the Opposition was that this work was simply a bridge across a swamp, lately when Federal expense for the purpose of pleasing the municipal authorities. The Government claimed that it was a wharf and therefore entitled to rank as a Federal public work. Mr. Morin, in his practical but rather unpolished eloquence, attacked the vote. "Where is de wharf?" said he, in addressing the House. "And where is de boat to come to de wharf? There ain't no wharf; there ain't no boat, but suppose there be, where is de water to float de boat of which there ain't any, when it comes to the wharf that don't be there? There ain't no water for de cows eat de wild grass in de marsh in summer, where dey build that bridge."

Victoria Conservatives almost lost their candidate on Labor Day. Mr. Morrison was shooting northwest of Victoria when a shot struck him in the face, the removing of which was a long and tedious operation. He and his companion, who was responsible for the shot, had become separated. The force of the discharge, was, fortunately, almost gone when it struck Mr. Morrison. A visitor to Edmonton this week was Prof. A. H. Young of Trinity University, Toronto, formerly a well-known master of Upper Canada College. His purpose in visiting the city was to organize an association of (old) boys of the latter institution. These officers were chosen: President, Dr. H. C. Wilson; secretary, treasurer, O. M. Biggar; executive committee, E. C. Purdie, Dr. Biggar, C. C. McCaul, K.C., K. B. Mackenzie and James M. Taylor. It is probable the association will hold a dinner early in January to commemorate the 20th anniversary of Upper Canada College.

Mr. G. S. Fife, Rhodes scholar from Alberta, son of Mr. J. A. Fife, a mechanical engineer at the Edmonton High school, left on Monday to begin his three years' course at the University of Oxford. Last spring he completed his third year in the Arts course at Queen's University. His specialties will be modern history and literature.

Judge Noel left this week to hold the first series of court sittings in the history of Northern Alberta. On Wednesday court opened at Athabasca Landing. Later the judge goes to Lesser Slave Lake, Peace River Landing, Fort Vermilion, and Fort McMurray. He is accompanied by Mr. F. S. Simpson, clerk of the court, and Dr. Deer. The journey will cover a thousand miles.

The death is announced of Mr. Noel Huisenault, a well-known citizen of Morinville, who was the father of Mrs. J. A. Gariepy, Edmonton.

After forty-six years spent in the wilds of the North, at Fort Chipewyan, Mr. Wm. Wylie, a Hudson's Bay employee, passed through Edmonton this week on his way to visit his old home at the Orkney Islands. He went overland to Chipewyan from Norway House in 1862.

Mr. Arthur Stringer, the distinguished Canadian poet and novelist, is visiting his brother, Mr. B. A. Stringer, of Calgary.

Mr. Joseph Keele of the Dominion Geological survey, reached Edmonton this week after an overland trip from Dawson, which he left in June, 1907. He wintered in the mountains and did geologic survey work in the course of his journey by way

of the Pelly, Gravel and Mackenzie rivers.

Senator J. M. Douglas of Tantal, Saskatchewan, accompanied by his son Mr. W. W. Douglas, who is mayor of Tabor, Alberta, visited Edmonton last week.

Messrs G. T. Bell, J. E. Quick and W. P. Hinton, who hold important positions in connection with Grand Trunk passenger traffic, and who have been going over the line of the G.T.P., in anticipation of the opening of regular business, came into Edmonton from Wainwright last week.

Many friends in Alberta of Mr. B. R. Kelliker, chief engineer of the G.T.P., will regret to learn of the sudden death of his wife, which occurred last week.

All the Pass country has been in mourning over the death of Mr. Reuben Steeves, one of the best-known citizens of Frank. Mr. Steeves was drowned while out duck shooting in Clear Lake near Slavey. The sudden death of Mr. Steeves' daughter about a year ago, while attending school in Edmonton, will be recalled.

Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Education, Regina, has been in Edmonton this week.

Mr. William H. Ashdown, a former well-known resident of Edmonton and Vogreville, died last week at Swan Lake, Manitoba.

Mr. Vernon W. Barford has returned from a six months' trip to Fort McMurray. Among those who came to Edmonton with him was Inspector Jarvis, who is returning to Regina after a year and a half spent in command at the Mounted Police at Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean.

Mr. A. E. Phipps, inspector of the Imperial Bank, is in charge of the local branch in conjunction with Mr. W. R. Scott, during the absence of Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Mr. M. P. McNeill, chief fruit inspector for the Dominion, was in Edmonton at the end of last week.

Word has been received of the serious illness of Dr. C. A. Eaton of Cleveland, who addressed the Canadian Club, Edmonton, last autumn.

Mr. R. Percy Lewis, a well-known business man of Stratheona, has been appointed assistant air brake inspector for the C.P.R., with headquarters at Winnipeg.

Prof. E. A. Lundkvist of Brandon College is engaged at present on a tour of Alberta, visiting the people of Scandinavian origin. He estimates that the province has 20,000 citizens of that nationality. It can have none better.

Messrs A. Lawrie and D. W. Cairns, two Toronto capitalists, visited Edmonton last week.

Registrar George Roy and Mrs. Roy have returned from a holiday trip to Eastern Canada.

President Murray of the University of Saskatchewan was entertained on Monday evening by the Maritime Club of Edmonton at a social gathering of the Y.M.C.A. President Tordy of the University of Alberta, another Maritime man, was in the chair.

F. F. Tims, of Edmonton, reports the sale of two blocks of land comprising about nine acres on Government street, to the managers of the Roman Catholic Church for the purpose of erecting a church convent and monastery.—Fort Saskatchewan Reporter.

With fine weather the Bitulithic Company expects to have the paving of Rice street, from Nanayo to First, and Howard, Fraser and Queen's, south of Rice, completed within thirty days.

The company recently formed to here for gas near the Edmonton Hotel will commence operations next week.

The Presbytery picnic at St. Albert on Labor Day proved an unusual success, some 200 or 400 people being present.

Samuel Robertson, a teamster for Ross Bros., was drowned at Cooking Lake on Monday, while out duck-shooting.

The Caledonian Club held a most enjoyable picnic at the Groat estate on Labor Day.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12



The plan which I started some
weeks ago for curing the retire-
ment of ancient humor is being
taken up enthusiastically. Three
different readers have this week
submitted examples of what were
once jokes for one solitary. Let
others take the work up and the
world will be a more tolerable
place to live in. Here are the three.
The first was taken from Toronto
Saturday Night, the second from
the Scrap Book and the third was
told on the street.

ON THE INDIAN LIST.
JOKE THAT MUST BE CALLED
IN.
No. 1.
When the teacher was absent from
the school room Willie Jones wrote
on the blackboard:
"Willie Jones can hug the girls
better than any boy in school."
"William, did you write that?"
asked the teacher upon her return.
"Yes, ma'am."
"Well, you may stay after school
as punishment."
"Got a hickin, didn't you?"
asked one boy when Willie came out.
"Nope."
"Got jawed?" asked another.
"Nope."
"What did she do?"
"Shan't tell, but it pays to ad-
vertise."

No. 2.
A Scotch farmer went to town to
have a tooth extracted. "I would
advise you to have it out by the
painless system. It's only a shilling
extra," said the dentist.
"He showed the apparatus for a
minutering gas, remarking that it
would cause him to fall asleep and
before he awoke the tooth would be
out. After reluctantly consenting the
customer proceeded to open his
pocket."
"Oh, never mind paying now!"
"Hoot! I was na thinkin' of that,
but if I'm gan'na sleep I thought I
would like to count ma shilling first."

No. 3.
Among the deacons of a church
was a good old gentleman familiarly
known as "Uncle Thomas." Al-
though too deaf to hear, he was
always in his accustomed seat at
church, and his zeal in religious
work was untiring. Owing to a
shortage of song books in the Sab-
bath school some additional ones
were ordered by "Uncle Thomas,"
who apprised the pastor of their
arrival, and the latter agreed to an-
nounce the fact from the pulpit on
Sunday morning.

The pastor made the promised
announcement among others, con-
cluding with this one:
"Parents wishing their children
baptized will please present them
at the close of the service."
The good deacon jumped to his
feet, and in the loud voice peculiar
to the deaf, bawled out, "Those who
haven't got one can get them, at my
house for fifty cents a piece!"
As "Uncle Thomas" and his wife
had always been childless, this start-
ling information almost broke up
the meeting and a wave of merriment swept the congregation and
threatened to shake the church from
its foundation.

People clearly love a joke—a real
joke. An anecdote of Grover Cleve-
land, related by F. P. Dunne in this
month's American magazine, shows
that a place the jokemist holds in
the newspaper world. Says Mr.
Dunne:
"I remember seeing him reading,
with apparent satisfaction, the
editorial page of the New York
Evening Post."
"There is one thing about the

Post that I like better than anything
else," he said. "I supposed he re-
ferred to the leaders by Mr. Godkin
or some 'feature' of like impor-
tance."
"I mean," he went on, "these
little squibs on the last column.
They're mighty good."
The "little squibs" were the four
line jokes clipped from other
papers.

There is a play running in New
York now entitled "The Merry
Devil of Edmonton." Who can he
be?

The smartly-attired assembly listened
with deep attention to every
word that fell from the lips of the
lecturer who had been invited to
address them. For an hour she had
discussed on Rome, where she had
lived for many years, its mighty
associations, crumbling antiquities,
and priceless art treasures.

"Now," said she, in conclusion, to
her delighted hearers, "if anyone
wishes to put a question regarding
the city of the Caesars, I shall es-
timate it a privilege to answer her."
The profound silence which fol-
lowed was broken at length by a
mild voice. It asked:
"Do they play bridge in Rome?"

"Have you ever loved and lost?"
sighed the swain.
"Nope," responded the maiden,
promptly. "I've never every breach
of promise since I ever brought."

Little Bobby had been persistently
misbehaving throughout the day,
and late in the afternoon his mother
decided to stop the youngster's
antics.

Bobby, if you do not cease annoy-
ing me, I shall send you to bed with-
out your supper," she warned.
"Ma," began Bobby seriously.
"Would you mind telling me what
we're going to have for supper?"
"Jidge."

BIRDS OF THE PLAZZA.
Behold, I had a dream, and as I
sat in the dull, green twilight, it
seemed as if the stretch of boards
was lined with them.

"All birds female birds of plu-
mage. A sleek old flamingo dashed
up and sat down near me. Somer-
sault with the morning sunbird, she
dozed fitfully until her husband, a
fine old-time bird, joined her."

Then came along two cultures
between them. They were a
reputation between them, and they
pecked it clean, muttering and peck-
ing vigorously in plain view of all.
From a couple of young peacocks in
brilliant colors, suited along, ad-
sorbed in themselves. How they
shrieked as they went! There was
a polo game on that afternoon, and
they were going to it. What a
wonder, who should come along
but a quiet, middle-aged, well-
gotten-up turkey buzzard. Her face
was red and her nose slightly
pinched, but she was not at all
showed the effects of stuffing. I
heard some one say that she had
nothing else to do but feel herself,
prune herself, and in winter live
at the Waldorf.

No sooner were my eyes taken
away from her than they fastened
on a quiet little guinea hen, making
her way unobtrusively to the front.
Her modest manner interested me,
and I said to myself, "Now, there's
a nice companion," when a whisper
came that she had already runned
three times, and was looking for
fourth husband.

And a couple of young cockatoos,
chattering like mad! They imitated
every one they saw. And as for
their get-up, it would have kept Rip
Van Winkle awake during his entire
period. Later I saw them whirling
in a dance.

Suddenly the scene changed. The
air grew darker. The night was
coming on. Lights gleamed.

And the chatter began! Chitter-
ing, yodling, shrieking, cawing,
stretching their wings a chaotic
mass of sounds.

I jumped up and rushed from the
place, when I was stopped.
A voice penetrated my conscience.
"My dear, where are you going?"
And looking around at the reality,
I replied:
"Away—far off—to a wilderness—
where no female form shall find
I want to screech and cackle by my-
self."—Life.

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WITH THE INVESTOR

An event of no small importance to
Edmonton and to Alberta as a whole
is the opening of the new packing
plant, erected by the J. Y. Griffin Co.,
to the east of the city, for which
everything is now ready. It marks
the beginning of a new industrial
era of this city. The company is
spending upwards of a million dollars,
a large staff of workers will be
employed, and in the near future we
may confidently expect auxiliary in-
dustries, for the purpose of utilizing
the live products, to be established
near-by. The size and completeness
of the plant is a revelation to every-
one who has visited it. Already a
small community has sprung up
about it, including a three-story
hotel. Two or three years should
see a very great change in this
suburb and in the section that lies
between it and the city proper.

The officials are to be Mr. C. H.
Bradley, general manager; F.
Faulds, office manager at the plant;
W. V. Stevenson, chief clerk; J. R.
Snack, district live stock buyer; and
General Superintendent T. W. Flet-
cher, who comes from South Omaha,
and will move his family here
shortly.

In the course of an interview with
this week Mr. Bradley stated that for
the present he expected it would not
be possible to get as many hogs as
the plant wanted. He thought farm-
ers would soon find it would pay
them to raise a sufficient quantity.
These weighing from 150 to 250
pounds were most desirable. The
market price would be paid every
month. At the first delivery he ex-
pected this would be from \$5.50 to
\$7.75 per cwt. Most of the product
he expected, would go to the Pacific
Coast.

This last statement of Mr. Brad-
ley is of especial significance.
People have often wondered just
what led the company to establish a
plant of this size in Edmonton.
There was no question about the
suitability of the situation for the
pork trade, but it was evident
that more than this was under con-
sideration. What then?

There is no question about the
suitability of the situation for the
pork trade, but it was evident
that more than this was under con-
sideration. What then?

The Saturday News takes special
satisfaction out of bringing this to
the attention of its readers, for it
represents a feature of great impor-
tance, insisted in and out of season,
that Edmonton's great trade oppor-
tunities, outside of the magnificent
territory on this side of the moun-
tains which has tributary to it, lie
to the west rather than to the east.
The Pacific coast of the two Amer-
icas, the countries of the Orient
and a world of rich and varied
resources, when the Panama Canal is opened,
we shall be in a much more favor-
able position for trading with Europe
than at present. The two prairie pro-
vinces, to the east, no matter
whether the Hudson's Bay scheme
goes through or not.

The Prince Rupert Enquire, which
has shown that it knows a good deal
about the plans and the progress
of the G.T.P., announces that the
railway company will be "running
transit" of freight cars to and from
Edmonton, by Christmas Day, 1908," and
that "the line will be in operation
between Edmonton and Prince Rup-
ert in four years from the date
when the first train arrives at Ed-
monton from Winnipeg." This
means that the whole National
Transcontinental Railway will be in
operation by 1911, in a piece of im-
mation that fits in with previous an-
nouncements from other sources.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will
begin a regular service from Winni-
peg to Dawson, Alberta, the

first divisional point east of Edmon-
ton, on Monday of next week.
Three passenger trains a week will
be run to Earl, Saskatchewan, and
two to Wainwright. The distance
is 665 miles. Work between Ed-
monton and Wainwright is being
rushed rapidly and there is no reason
to doubt that before the end of the
year we shall see a repetition of the
scenes that were witnessed in Ed-
monton three years ago this coming
November, when the Canadian
Northern made its appearance
within our borders. For the present
the G.T.P. will use the C.N.R.
station in Winnipeg, prior to the
completion of the Union terminals.
The same arrangement will in all
likelihood be made in Edmonton.

Mr. A. E. Boyle, western repre-
sentative of the Toronto Globe, who
is very conservative in his estimates
as a rule, summarized the crop
situation in the west under date of
August 28 as follows:

"The value of this year's western
wheat crop, on the basis of yester-
day's closing prices, may be placed
at about \$85,000,000, as compared
with \$50,000,000 last year, \$80,000,
000 in 1906 and \$52,000,000 in 1905.
These figures are approximate, but
for the purposes of comparison they
are fairly accurate. The basis for
the estimate regarding the 1908
yield is the opinion given by the
secretary of the Northwest Grain
Dealers' Association that the pro-
duction for the season is 107,000,000
bushels. The average quality of the
crop has not been determined, but it
is much better than that of last year,
superior to that of 1905. The yield
in 1907 was 77,000,000 bushels, in
1906 101,000,000 bushels, and in 1905
80,000,000 bushels. The closing
price of wheat at Winnipeg for the Sep-
tember option, yesterday was 96c. At
this time it last year closed at 95.3c.
At about the same time in 1906 it
sold at 73.3-4c, and in 1905 at 78
3-4c.

Mr. Herbert Vanderhoof in a letter
to the Chicago Post tells this inter-
esting story:

"Not long ago in Chicago a whole-
sale grocer on South Water street
showed me this letter, dated Wilcox,
Saskatchewan, and signed 'John
Hoofbeater':

Enclosed is \$50 principal and in-
terest on the \$15 you loaned me
three years ago. My first year here
I worked out. Last year I bought a
farm of 160 acres, good part of
it in hay and corn. The crop for
1907-1908 was 22,556.33. It was a good day
for me when I quit Chicago.

The wholesale grocer chuckled.
"Five men here on South Water
street got letters like that or-
dering money," he said. "Guess we
weren't surprised, eh?" We loaned
John the money because he was
straight, and was taking him, but
we never expected to see the shine
of it again. John got down on his
luck, bunkered after farming and
went back to Saskatchewan. I never
was particularly interested in the story
they tell of successful farmers until
I got that check. Interest at 12 1/2
per cent is mighty convincing, par-
ticularly when it happens on your
own money."

This personal interest in some one
who has already won out in Canada
is partly responsible for the influx
of Americans, the enormous
Transcontinental Railway, the new
region between the Rocky mountains
and Winnipeg is increasingly at-
tractive in the eyes of those in the
United States. One effect of the
Grand Trunk Pacific's new route
to the Canadian West, via Chicago,
has been to call the attention of
American farmers to the swelling
stream of immigration now flowing to
that new land of promise.

The American is alert to follow
the crowd, and it is claimed, the
very volume of this travel is drawing
them along. The current and carrying
of thousands of them already, and tens
of thousands more are looking
toward it longingly.

Many of them have made comfort-
able homes for themselves in the
central western states, and now
when their old-established farms
and businesses are yielding hand-
some incomes, they are looking for
opportunities in the new region to
invest for the future. Others, no
doubt, like the wholesale grocer's
life with Frank Canada's new riches,
muscles and clear brains, but they
can all be counted upon to give Can-
ada a vigorous civilization.

It was announced this week that
one hundred feet on McDougall
Avenue, just north of the Edmonton
Club, had been sold for \$25,000.
The former owner was J. Watson
Brown, Winnipeg, who has sold to
other Winnipeg parties.

NOTICE.

Odd Numbered Sections
As already publicly announced,
odd numbered sections remaining
vacant and undisposed of will be
come available for homestead entry
on the coming into force of the Do-
minion Land Act on the 1st Septem-
ber next.

As the records of only the even
numbered sections have hitherto
been kept in the books of the various
land agencies in the western prov-
inces and the time having been very
limited since the passing of the Act
within which to transfer the records
of all odd numbered sections from
the land office at Ottawa to the
local offices, it is possible that the
transfer of records in some cases
may not have been absolutely com-
pleted by the 1st September. In any
case where the record of any num-
bered section has not been transferred,
application will be accepted but will
have to be forwarded to head office
to be dealt with.

As it has been found impossible as
yet to furnish sub-agencies with
copies of the records of odd num-
bered sections and in view of the
large probable demand for entries,
all applicants for entry upon odd
numbered sections are strongly ad-
vised to have their applications in
person at the office of the Dominion
Lands Agent and not through a Sub
Land Agent. Applications for even
numbered sections may be dealt with
through the Sub Land Agent as be-
fore if desired.

J. W. GREENWAY,
Commissioner of Dominion Lands,
19th August, 1908.

PUBLIC NOTICE

THE SUPREME COURT OF
ALBERTA
SITTINGS of the Supreme Court
of Alberta, both in law and equity,
for the trial of causes, civil and criminal,
and for the hearing of motions and
other civil business, will be held at
the following times and places:

Edmonton: October 6th, 1908,
and March 2nd, 1909.
Calgary: November 1st, 1908,
and June 1st, 1909.
FOR THE TRIAL OF CAUSES.
Edmonton: November 3rd, 1908,
February 2nd, May 4th,
1909.
WETASKIWIN: November 17th,
1908, and April 13th,
1909.
RED DEER: October 27th, 1908,
and April 20th, 1909.
Calgary: November 3rd, 1908,
February 2nd, and May
4th, 1909.
MEDICINE HAT: October 27th,
1908, and April 27th, 1909.
LETHBRIDGE: October 27th 1908,
and April 27th, 1909.
MAcLEOD: November 10th, 1908,
and April 6th, 1909.
Dated at Edmonton this 7th day
of August, A.D. 1908.

Deputy Attorney-General.

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Not a single day
But a day of high hope
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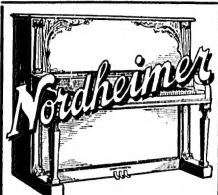
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The One and Only George Ham

The following is part of a sketch which appeared in The Railway Age of Mr. George Ham, the publicity officer of the C.P.R. who needs to introduce to anyone in Western Canada.

Ham has a desk in the great granite pile on Windsor street which is the headquarters of the company. There is a legend that he was once seen sitting at it. If this is true, it might have been a chance meeting, just as two globe-trotters might happen to come together at Singapore, or Ballarat, or any other remote spot.

For whenever any one around headquarters has a moment to spare, he improves the time by ordering Ham's desk to a new location. That desk has worn out five sets of casters, according to official count, and is now on its sixth set in its peregrinations from room to room, and from floor to floor.

WORKS, BUT NOT AT HIS DESK.
That is because Ham is elsewhere to protect his rights. The last place in the world to look for Ham with any reasonable hope of finding him, is at his office. For, paradoxical as it may seem, although he has no job, he is the busiest of men.

It is something not soon to be forgotten to see George Ham dart into headquarters and then, standing at his desk, go through a stack of letters and telegrams with one hand, lay out soiled linen and repack his travel-worn black bag with the other, dictate to his stenographer, entertain a guest, be interviewed by two or three rival reporters, and talk with sundry representatives of various departments on company business, all at one and the same moment.

It is one of Ham's idiosyncrasies to maintain that the only place in all the Dominion where laundry work can be done is at Montreal. Whether he is at Vancouver or Halifax, his linen must go to the metropolis to be done up.

It takes close figuring at headquarters sometimes, to make connections, but thanks to the enthusiastic co-operation of the operating staff, the parcels somehow always manage to get to him at the right time.

TO SAVE HAM'S LAUNDRY.
They tell a story about a period of torrential rains in Northern Ontario which nearly put the main line out of business for a few days. The Pacific express had been struggling west, held up every few miles by a wash-out, perspiring sectionman, and delayed by slow flags.

Things were so discouraging that the engineer wouldn't hook her up even when he had a stretch of sound track. The conductor, impatient with this lack of progress, hit upon a ruse to spur the engineer on to renewed effort. Calling the flagman, he said:

"Well, go ahead and tell Jim we've got Sir Thomas Duns' car on his way and he's simply got to get to Vancouver in time to catch that Australian boat, and he'd better hit 'em up a little."

"This message being duly delivered, Jim turned with a scowl upon the flagman and thus expressed his sentiments.

"Sir Thomas eh? Tell him to forget it! I ain't again' to let this train here, not even to please Sir Thomas."

Which is was reported to the conductor that worthy official had an inspiration.

"Go back and tell Jim we've got George Ham's laundry in the baggage-car, and he'll be expecting it at Sudbury, as he passes through on his way to Toronto."

"Well, you in blazes didn't you tell me so long ago?" snapped Jim upon receiving this second communication.

Whereupon he proceeded to roll through at a gallop, which produced an epidemic of heart-failure in the coaches. Spurred on by the responsibility of that linen, Jim is alleged to have made up three hours in sixty miles.

Ham is a haven of refuge for distressed newspaper men and a beacon of hope for those who would like to be newspaper men. Any past, present, or prospective employee of any publication who needs a pass, a job, a loan, or a confidant for a troubled mind is sure to have his wants supplied if he appeals to Ham, provided that gentleman can wheedle the pass out of the passenger department or borrow the money. At least the applicant can count on consolation and wise counsel.

But George Ham performs other functions which are regarded by the management as of more importance than those. For instance, whenever the Canadian Pacific has guests to entertain it is Ham who acts as host. And it is surprising how many parties of Englishmen of various degrees of distinction there are requiring entertainment during the course of a year.

Also there are numerous visitors from other lands whose achievements or position are deemed to entitle them to attentions from the road. That is why Ham rarely sleeps two consecutive nights in the same town.

FOR CANADA ALL THE TIME.
Wherever the strangers fall from they always go home filled with

enthusiasm for Canada, for that is the end and aim of Ham's existence. If there are any statistics, seraps, or general information which lend local color, or good stories about the Dominion that Ham doesn't know, you may be sure they don't count. Also the visitors carry home a cordial esteem for their host.

His tact is boundless, his equanimity unassailable, his flow of quaint humor as inexhaustible as a mountain brook. His fame as a wit and an after-dinner speaker has been carried around the world by home-going travellers. He has even been made the hero of a poem by Neil Munroe, which relates "How Laughter Came to Canada."

Ham's most famous speech was made under unique circumstances. He had been ailing for some time when one spring morning in 1905 the malady took a sudden turn for the worse. The physician who was called in, after making an examination, said:

"Mr. Ham, you have a clearly defined case of appendicitis. You will have to operate on it at once if your life is to be saved."

"Not on your life, doc," replied the patient. "They say you are sure death by your little knife, and I am going to have one more good feed before I cash in."

"NOT YET, BUT—"

"The boys are giving a dinner to Usher, the assistant-passenger traffic manager, tonight, and I'm going to be there. After the dinner you may do your worst."

Incredible though it may seem, Ham actually did carry out his avowed intention to attend the dinner, though he was suffering from great pain. Not only did he attend, but he made the brightest, wittiest speech of his life. Before the applause had died away he was in a cab on the way to the hospital, where he underwent the dangerous operation for appendicitis.

For a time his life was despaired of. In fact, he was expected to die. He was dead, and one paper, accepting the report without verification, published a touching obituary of the genial Ham.

On returning to his office, Ham's first act was to have this obituary framed in sombre black and hung above his desk with this legend in his own irreverent chirography beneath:

"Not yet but soon."

He never fails to hang a fresh wreath of immortelles upon a corner of the obituary frame whenever he returns to Montreal.

In this capacity of vicarious host Ham, of course, must needs extend many invitations to parties of liquid refreshments. It need hardly be said that he exercises great discretion on his own behalf on such occasions, for otherwise he would scarcely have won fame for his eminent fitness for diplomatic missions.

Yet, there came a time when even he, the pink of discretion, felt the need of reform, and this is the way of it.

In St. John, N.B., there was a particular barber who always got Ham's patronage when he was in that city. One day Ham rushed into his favorite's shop and requested a quick shave.

He noticed that the barber was haggard and that there was a strange look in his eyes, but thought nothing of it until the barber, after stropping his razor, began making vicious slashes in the air with it a few inches above his customer's nose.

"Here! What are you trying to do?" demanded Ham, not daring to move for fear of losing a few fingers or features.

"I'm cutting off the heads off those snakes. Don't you see them?"

"Great Scott, yes!" replied Ham.

"Hold perfectly still for a minute, and I'll help you. Watch 'em while I go and get an axe."

The barber was taken away in an ambulance with a fully developed case of delirium tremens, while Ham went for a walk to steady his nerves.

Meeting three acquaintances, he greeted them with his accustomed benevolent philosophy, winding up with an invitation to have something. On the way to the nearest place Ham suddenly stopped and said:

A WARNING TO HIM.

"Gentlemen, I have just seen a horrible example of what this fool habit of treating leads to. If I don't you some whisky it will only fill your stomachs with pains, your mouths with folly, and your consciences with remorse."

"I won't do it, I prefer to retain your esteem. I am going to treat you to something sensible. Come and have a necktie with me."

His three friends entered into the spirit of this chastened form of treat with great enthusiasm. Going into a haberdasher's shop, each of the three selected ties to the effect, the most expensive ones in the establishment.

Now, it just happened through perverse Fate that at that particular moment Ham only \$1.85 in his pockets. To make matters worse, the shopkeeper was not only a stranger, but he was cold-blooded and suspicious.

Ham was equal to the emergency. Putting his hand into his pocket as

if about to pay for the ties, he suddenly concentrated his gaze upon one of them, and requested leave to see it for a moment. With a great show of indignation he pointed out that the material was not silk, but a cheap imitation thereof. By judiciously accusing the shopkeeper of attempted swindling he contrived to provide an angry retort which did him no harm, and he desired, excuse for strolling out in high dudgeon without making a purchase. Once on the sidewalk Ham turned to his friends and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, this reform movement is indefinitely postponed."

"Early Frosts."

An old-timer discusses how the fear of them has passed away with settlement in the west.

The Vermilion Signal, whose editor has a knowledge of Western Canada going back over a quarter of a century, has the following timely and interesting article:

"Twenty odd years ago in Manitoba, one heard a great deal about 'early frosts.' The wheat was frozen about two years out of three. There is seldom anything heard nowadays of frosts in Manitoba and the reason is simply that the farmers of the older province have learned that they need not expect to see wheat the last week in May, which should have been sown the last week in April, or even earlier, and be certain of getting returns from it which will grade No. 1 hard.

The farmers of the great wheat districts of Manitoba, such as the Portage plains, Carberry and Neepawa, do not wait until the snow is gone and the frost is out of the ground in spring to prepare the land for seeding. It is plowed and thoroughly worked the year before and already for the drill just as soon as the snow is gone in the following April. And the Manitoba farmer does not go about his seeding in any dilatory way. He makes it his business to complete the job in the shortest possible space of time. Of course, cultivating and the breaking up of large areas of land have also helped greatly to lessen the danger of frost in August, and the same Vermont district this year a number of farmers had all their grain cut and in stock before there was any frost at all. A. W. Rose, through, just west of town, is one of these. If one farmer can cut his crop on the 10th of August, why is it that the crops of others are not ready for the binder until the 20th or 30th? The trouble in most cases is due, not to any difference in the character of the land, but to the season at which the seed was put in the ground. Once the farming population as a whole realizes that grain growing in this country is not a gamble or a matter of speculation but a scientific pursuit and follows the same system generally in cultivating the land as is followed by individuals who are invariably successful in reaping high standard and profitable crops, there will be little complaint of frost and the climate and climate will not have to shoulder the responsibility for damage which rests very largely and properly upon farmers themselves.

There is another point, however, to be considered. In a country like this in the early stage of its development, a great many of the settlers are working on a small scale, and their first attempts at farming are necessarily of the crudest sort. They have no stock or implements, and there are few things to be done. One man has to wait until his neighbor has finished seeding, so that he can secure the use of his team, or his plow, or his seeder. The consequence is that his seed is unavoidably put into the ground late. After a little time he will have these necessities himself, as well as some experience, and he will then always be hard farmers in the country, good farming instead of bad will be the rule. The country and the people in time work out their own salvation.

It is not to be implied from what is here set down that any disaster has overtaken this territory through the frost on the night of the 20th. The year has been exceptionally favorable and a large quantity of grain of first quality will be harvested. But it is well to point our eyes to the probability that some injury has been done or not to attempt to ascertain wherein lies the fault, so that we may be able to profit by it and apply the proper remedy."

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Means something to an intelligent woman. When they unroll into perfectly formed leaves she knows it is not stale, much-handled bulk tea, but reliable



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FIRST AND RICE STREETS, EDMONTON

Duncan Bros. & Butters

In connection with our ANNUAL JULY SALE, we are making some startling reductions in prices on reliable, seasonable goods. We must have room for fall goods, so you will find bargains in every Department. Step in and ask for anything you want, and we will quote you a price that will surprise you.

Fancy Tannole Silk in Stripes. Regular 40c. Sale price 48c a yd.	Fancy Dress Mullins, light colors. Reg. 40c to 75c. Sale price 25c a yd.
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Wool Vellut, in brown, champagne and fawn. Reg. 90c. Sale price 70c a yd.	Fancy Dress Mullins, light colors. Reg. 40c to 75c. Sale price 25c a yd.
Ladies' White Mullin House. Reg. 1.25 to 2.00. Sale price 1.00	Children's Dresses, white and colored. Reg. 50c to 75c. Sale price 35c to 50c
Ladies' White Mullin House. Reg. 1.25 to 2.00. Sale price 1.00	Ladies' White Duck Skirts. Reg. 1.25 to 2.00. Sale price 1.00
Ladies' Understock. Reg. 90c to 1.00. Sale price 70c to 80c	Ladies' White Duck Skirts. Reg. 1.25 to 2.00. Sale price 1.00
Ladies' Mullin Drawers. Reg. 40c to 50c. Sale price 30c to 40c	All our Fancy Sunshades to be cleared out at one-third off regular price.
BOOTS AND SHOES	
18 pair Men's Box Calf, Goodway with Reg. \$1.50 to \$2.00. Sale price \$1.00 a pair	12 pair Boys' Shoes, sizes 2 to 5. Reg. \$1.00 to \$1.50. Sale price 75c a pair
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order the best

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Sold by all the leading
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Alberta Milling Co.
LIMITED
Edmonton, Alberta

Dick Dempsey Matchmaker

Charles Lewis Shaw in Winnipeg Telegram

Under the advanced conditions of Western Canada, Dick Dempsey suffered as a social factor under several handicaps. His innate courtesy, his chivalrous regard and his inherent sense of the fitness of things were somewhat overshadowed by a difficulty in expressing his usually whole-some opinions on the subject of matrimony and occasional blasphemous remarks.

At an age when the men with whom he was most intimate in the Saskatchewan valley had been juggling away at Rugby or Eton, or struggling with their Latin grammar at Trinity college school, Port Hope or Upper Canada College, Toronto, Dick Dempsey was solving the initial difficulties of life as a cook or chore boy of a lumber camp in the Upper Ottawa. He there acquired the somewhat unusual accomplishments of brief, vigorous speech in two languages, which in his varied life of trapper, broncho buster and hunter, were desirable in a district where he in the '80s of last century English, French and Cree held equal lingual prominence. His knowledge of Cree was perfunctory, and only put in practice in the intermittent pauses of a halfhearted dance when the liquid eyes of an exceptionally pretty partner would melt through racial prejudice inherent in his Irish blood. With the adaptability of his Celtic nature he dove-tailed into the complex simplicity of frontier life that existed before Edmonton was worried with municipal government, and when the Hudson's Bay company's influence was still paramount.

Shrewd, skilled and persistent, his winter trapping trips to the north were as successful as the best of the big Lake men whose ancestors, French and Indian, had pitted their wits against the fur-bearing animals of the Far West since St. Albert, the pioneer mission church of the Far West, became a centre of settlement of the hunters and trappers of the valleys of the Saskatchewan and Peace rivers.

In the summer as one of the best rough-riders in the country, Dempsey would minister unto the cravings for excitement in his nature by risking his life in broncho poker game or drinking bout that happened within a radius of twenty miles and the fluctuations of his luck in the games of love and cards were of only passing consequence in his pleasure-loving life.

Landless, lawless and loveless, Dick unconsciously resented the inclusion of new-comers' tenderfeet, he called them, who spread over the Saskatchewan valley in the '90s of last century. He tenaciously contended with the unreasonable doggedness of the old-time frontiersmen that the fast-coming settlement was ruining the country, that a man to have any peace of mind would have to seek his conclusion that, the then secluded valley of the Peace River offered. He accordingly was one of the pioneers of settlement of that part of Canada that in immigration literature is called "The Last West."

In the isolation of his life and the opportunities afforded by the well-thumbed volumes of an old Hudson's Bay company library at Fort Dunvegan, he became mentally saturated with the ideas and the point of view of the golden era of English literature, of the period of the duel, of grandiose manner and inflated speech. Sir Roger de Coverley was his conception of the highest type of gentleman, and after five years of comparative isolation his speech became a medley of Grandisonian phrases and cow-boy slang. He was an interesting study of the influence of race and environment as his nearest neighbor, Arthur Stanley Pelham, an enervated scion of an old English family, said.

Pelham, in a deliberate way, knew human nature. His uncertain course in life had been guided by a shrewd, far-seeing wife out of the ways her husband's dissipated forerunners had made constitutionally and temperamentally attractive for him, to the borders of the world where the wine cup did not flow or the dice box rattle. Dempsey and he were as good friends as men whose natures were as opposite as the poles could be. As for the clever, well-bred, gentle, and self-sacrificing Englishwoman, to Dempsey she was the composite reincarnation of the gentle heroines of the Hudson Bay library at Fort Dunvegan. She was to Dempsey, Clarissa Harlowe, Amelia and Lady Teazle and Pelham was "no good." Matters would have gone along without occasion for this story if it were not that Pelham, bored by an existence removed from everything that appealed to his nature, wearily died and Mrs. Pelham awakened to the fact that her daughter was eighteen, and in the eyes of at least one man was marriageable.

Pelham had been dead for a year, and through the confusion of her husband's business affairs both in

Canada and in England and the delay in communication with lawyers and relatives consequent upon the isolation of their situation, her departure from Peace River had even in the primitive business relations of the Peace River valley, permitted to become entangled.

During that year Dempsey was invaluable to the widowed Englishwoman in settling affairs that the careless selfishness of Pelham had even in the primitive business relations of the Peace River valley, permitted to become entangled. Long-expelled, but not entirely satisfactory letters had been received from "home," and the preparations for the return of mother and daughter proceeded. There was little of eagerness, however, in the preparations. There was not the glow of anticipation that even the thought of the home returning would have conjured up a year ago, and the widow vaguely wondered. She faintly understood one evening as the sun was setting on the great plateau of the Peace, and she looked from its high bank out over the great river that flowed majestically northward, and saw Dick Dempsey wave a final "Good-night" before returning to his lonely cabin. A lump came into her throat, and there was a tightness at the heart as she realized that in a few weeks she was to bid farewell forever to this beautiful North Land and to the man whose quaintness of speech, chivalry of nature and unobtrusive kindness had become part of her life.

"Why, mother, you are blushing," said her daughter, who joined her at the door. "Is it the reflection of the sunset? You look like a girl."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the mother in a piqued voice.

When Dick Dempsey came to his lonely "shack," as he called it, he was somewhat surprised to find a friend who made semiannual visits to the valley of the Peace River as a vacation from his duties in the Mackenzie basin as a trader of the Honourable Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay, engaged, as it is the neighborly way of the north, in the meritorious task of preparing the evening meal. He was surprised to a greater extent during the evening to be informed that the young trader, hearing a rumor of the proposed departure of the Pelham from the Peace River, had made this extraordinary trip for the purpose of asking the daughter of the house to share his lot in the Far North.

"Not that I have much to offer her," he ruefully said the young fellow, "and it will be pretty lonely up there with only half a score or so white people within a radius of a few hundred miles and the rest all Indians and half-breeds; but, oh! I love her and I think from what she said last winter when I was out with the pack she thinks a little of me. She told me so right out there on the banks of the river one night we were watching the northern lights."

"Well, making allowances for the effect of the northern lights on young people generally when viewing them alone, I agree with you. Now, I come to put half a dozen little incidents together I think she does."

"Will you ask her mother? I don't mind asking the girl, but it is an awful thing to ask a mother just when she is going away probably forever."

And before midnight Dick had reluctantly promised that he would, Dick paddled up the river next morning and told the younger man's love story in the matter-of-fact way of a sensible middle-aged man. He showed the assurance of comparative comfort, at least, for the daughter as the wife of a commissioned officer of the Hudson's Bay company, enlarged on the fact that the young girl was enthusiastically devoted to the country and its free life, hinted at the disadvantages a comparatively poor girl of good family would suffer in the many-daughtered homes of her relations in England, and then concluded with an earnest appeal for the happiness of two young people who evidently loved each other.

"It is mighty hard, I allow," said Dick, "for you to go back to England without her, but you've always been self-sacrificing."

"But isn't it necessary for me to go," said the widow, and she looked straight into the frank, almost boyish eyes of the Canadian frontiersman and her cheeks grew a color that the fire light was not responsible for.

Dick looked somewhat dazed for a moment, and said in a surprised tone: "Why, what will keep you here?"

The Englishwoman gazed long and earnestly into the fire, her hands moving restlessly, and her lips trembling, and at last with a nervous laugh, she said:

"You big, stupid, blundering man! When nothing except the scenery, of course, But you will be sorry when I've gone, will you not, Dick?"

And Dick? The look of surprise in his face gave place to one of

illuminating joy, while he strove with obvious mental effort for the courtly phrase, the eloquent periods his reading had taught him were necessary for the occasion. He stammered and choked, and then stepping quickly forward, put his arms about the blushing widow, and pressing her close to his heart, he said in the words and masterfulness of his kind:

"Not on your sweet life, for you're not going."

Growing Crops by Electricity.

The growing of crops by electricity has been arousing interest in England. The London Times recently published the report of Sir Oliver Lodge on the subject, a portion of which follows:

"The method is to stretch over the field to be treated a number of wires on poles, something like telegraph wires, but high enough for loaded wagons and all the usual farming operations to go on under. The wires are without let or hindrance. The wires are quite thin, and are supported by a few posts in long parallel spans, about 30 ft. apart. The system of conductors is then connected at one post with a generator supplying positive electricity at a potential of something like 100,000 volts, and with sufficient power to maintain a constant supply of electricity at this kind of potential. Leakage immediately begins, and the charge fizzes off from the wires with a something which is something audible, and with a glow which is visible in the dark. The electrification is maintained for some hours each day, but is shut off at night. It is probably only necessary to supply it during the early morning hours in summer time, and in spring time or in cold, cloudy weather for the whole day or during the time of the plant's greatest activity. The power required to generate the electricity is very small, for although the potential is high the quantity is insignificant, and the energy is accordingly comparatively trivial. The electricity can be generated in more than one way. It can be generated by transforming up to high tension, and rectifying in one direction, the current of the revolving generator called a dynamo. The latter is the one which in the trials now to be described we have adopted. The power is generated by a two-horse oil engine driving a small dynamo in an out-house of the farm. Thence the current is taken by ordinary overhead wires to the field, where they enter a suitable weather-tight hut, which contains the transforming and rectifying apparatus. The only moving part here is the 'break,' and if the original dynamo had been an alternator, even this might be dispensed with. The transformer is a large induction coil, specially made to stand continuous use, and its current is then rectified by means of vacuum valves in accordance with a patented device of my own. The negative electricity is conveyed directly to earth, while high-tension electricity, all of whose sign is led by a specially insulated conductor out of the shed to the nearest post of the over-had insulated wires, which are, thereby maintained at continuous high positive potential. The electrified wheat sold at prices some seven and one half per cent higher, several millers in baking tests finding that it produced a better baking flour."

Summarized results of the 1907 experiments on wheat: Red Fife, spring sown; Red Fife, head wheat, electrified, 41.4; unelectrified, 32; increase 29 per cent. Electrified wheat brighter, and a better sample, increase again in better stowling and filling out of ears. Hours the plant was running: 1907, March 28 to July 27, 1,014 hours on 15 days; average pressure corresponded to a half-inch vacuum. In the case of mangels there was an increase of 25 per cent, and in that of strawberries 35 per cent, while the produce was almost equally marked upon raspberries and tomatoes."

BORN.

Smith, On Friday, Sept. 4, to Dr. and Mrs. Harry R. Smith, Edmonton, a daughter.

Abbot, On Sept. 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Abbot, of Edmonton, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Graham—Thorne, At Calgary, Thursday, Sept. 3, James Graham, of Strathcona, eldest son of the late William Nisbel Graham, bank manager, Glasgow, to Florence Thorne, second daughter of the late Major Thorne, of London, England.

Deaton—McCauley, At the residence of the bride's mother, 540 Seventh street, Edmonton, on Sept. 3rd, Miss Mary McCauley to Mr. Harold Deaton.

Gorman, Clancy and Grindley have commenced an action against the Automatic Telephone Co. of Chicago for commissions on work secured from the city and the provincial government.

FIRE INSURANCE

Robert Mays

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NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, Ltd.

Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Liquidator, Etc.

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\$1 will open a savings account with this company for which a 4 per cent interest is allowed, computed and added to account quarterly, subject to withdrawal at any time.

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A. M. STEWART, - Manager Edmonton Branch
Corner Jasper Avenue and First Street

Grand Fall Opening Sale

has started with a big rush.

NEW GOODS

at big reductions. Hundreds are saving money.
Are You?

J. H. MORRIS & CO.

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In a showing of the newest Imported and Canadian maker's goods. Styles, cloths and colors that are correct.



PRICES \$5.00 to \$25.00
Your inspection of the new fall coats will be appreciated.

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The regular use of
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ensures both. It keeps the body fit and the mind responsive to the demands of active life.



Electrolysis

For Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Etc.; removed permanently; satisfaction assured. If not satisfied with your complexion try Madame Raymond's Face Medicine for all blemishes of the skin, also, Faced Makeup which makes the face plump and round. I have a full line of cosmetics which I can show you. I also wish to satisfy and show ladies what I can do. My preparations and treatments are fully described in Booklet "C." Send for it.

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Everything to go below cost.

Large stock and excellent assortment of Trimmed Hats to choose from.

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The Toronto Millinery Store
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Next door East of Hudson's Bay Stores

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Ammunition

as well as a first-class gun is necessary if you want to bring home all the game you are entitled to.

Shooting is very unsatisfactory sport unless you keep supplied with the best ammunition.

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Guns, Ammunition, Decoy Ducks, Waders, Shooting Jackets, Game Carriers and Gun Cases, etc., etc.

Repairs of every description by an expert gunsmith.

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BE WISE

Save money and trouble by getting the right phone number when you want any clothes cleaned or dyed; Better still, bring your work and we will tell you just what it will cost to do it and how much it will cost you. We do the best work and our prices are the lowest, that's why we are

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Carl Henningsen

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THE IMPERIAL LIFE has over twenty million dollars of assurance in force and its ratio of assets to liabilities, exclusive of Capital Stock, and calculated according to the Government standard of reserves, is over 137 per cent. No other Canadian company which has sufficient insurance in force to provide a reliable average can present a showing so favorable.

C. D. ROGERS, Dist. Manager
Archibald Bldg., Edmonton

MUSIC AND DRAMA

A genuine dramatic treat is being presented for the last three nights of the present week, with Saturday matinee, at the Edmonton Opera House, when Alfred Hitchcock's famous play "The Walls of Jericho" was presented by Mr. Harold Nelson and his associates. The company has been strongly reinforced by the addition of Mr. Frederick Clark and Miss Gertrude Stone, both of whom were accorded the heartiest of greetings on making their appearance. Mr. Nelson was never seen to better advantage than as Jack Froisher. The situations and the lines that fell to his lot in the course of the play were many of them splendid and he makes the most of them. The scene at the close of the third act where he tells Lady Althea of his determination to cut away from their miserable London existence and return to Queensland is magnificent. Miss Davidson as the Lady Althea showed the same thoroughness and the same comprehension of the line points of the play that she has demonstrated on other occasions, notably in "Candida." Mr. Clarke's Hamley Bannister was quite in keeping with the other eminently artistic performances that he has given in Edmonton in the course of the season. Miss Eddy has never been more charming than as the Lady Lacy, while Miss Stone's Lady Westerby could hardly have been improved upon. Of those in the subordinate roles, Miss Eddy as the Miss Manning and Mr. Macaulay's Marquis of Stevenage call for special mention.

The play itself is such a wholesome one, gives so much needed a lesson to those immersed in the activities of modern life, even in Edmonton, and is so well written and so well acted that no one who appreciates the drama should be without it. The drama, should fail to see it before the close of the week.

On the first three nights the company gave an excellent performance of "Romeo and Juliet" and Mr. Nelson's Romeo was in keeping with the best traditions of the acting of that great part, while Miss Eddy was fitted in every respect for the impersonation of the whole of Shakespeare. The story of "The Holy City" for which extended preparations are being made, will be given.

Mr. Nelson is to be warmly commended for what he has done in keeping the work of the immortal before the western public.

For the first three nights of next week, the Edmonton Opera House will be dark, and on the last three "The Holy City" for which extended preparations are being made, will be given.

At the Dominion for the first of the week, one of the great dramatic successes of recent years, "Quo Vadis," a play of the early days of the Christian era, was produced before large audiences. Miss Russell, as our nearly every other occasion during the long run that the company bearing her name has had in Edmonton, carried off the honors as "Lygia," while Miss Cooney's "Fanny" was fully in keeping with the high standard of that young lady's previous work. Mr. Brandon's "Veniens," Mr. Clarke's "Promissus" and Mr. Caldwell's "Nero" are worthy of special mention. With all due respect to the production, however, it should be said that the company shows to better advantage and to the popular taste more thoroughly in the lighter class of plays that they have given. With a long succession of these they have won an unusual degree of popular favor.

For the last three nights they presented a double bill, "Traps" and "A Lesson in Whist," both written by Miss Jeanne Russell and both doing her the utmost credit. Throughout both plays she is given excellent support by the company. The specialties introduced between the acts were, it was evident, keenly enjoyed by the audience.

THE FIDUS OPERA CO.

The San Francisco Opera Company, of which Teddy Webb, the fat and saucy comedian recently of "The Strollers," and John Corl's "Alaskan" company, is being featured, will be offering at the Edmonton Opera House, commencing Monday, Sept. 28th. In addition to Webb, there are some 10 other clever people. Making up a grand troupe of soprano beautiful of face and form and possessing one of the best soprano voices heard in light opera, J. Russell Powell, a sterling baritone, Fred Stook, Frank Bertrand, Anne Leicester, and Ruby Norton. Edward von Buchner, the capable musical director, who held down the chair at the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco, has charge of the musical end and Joseph Little, a well-known Metropolitan stage director has charge of affairs behind the curtain line. "Fantasia" which starred Jefferson De Angelis as a strolling vehicle and which in addition to bringing him fame, caused the shakle to pour into the core of the Shubert Brothers, "The Toy-makers," a dainty dancing de-

(Continued on page 6)



WHAT BETTY LEARNED

ABROAD.

Betty's back from Europe. Such a gorgeous trip!

Highly educational—even to the ship.

What did Betty learn? Oh, my! Everything on earth.

One ought to know and have you seen the gown she got from Worth?

Paris? Just delightful! Betty "did" it well.

What she saw! Well, lots of things. Betty wouldn't tell.

The Louvre, of course, the Eiffel and the Bois and all of that.

And, oh, the sweetest vision of a pink and purple hat!

A hat one can't describe it with the true Parisian flare.

And feathers in a something—falling sideways on the hair.

London? Simply charming! So historic, don't you know—

The Tower and the palaces, the churches and the "Row."

Betty said them all, she thinks they came to her in flashes.

And all of them the men, I mean were funny waxed mustaches.

And high silk hats; but oh, my dear, they're clever as can be.

And say the most delightful things across a cup of tea.

The voyage? Really perfect! A little rough perhaps.

But when the ship was rolling on, our clippers took naps.

There were so many things to learn—of masts and ropes and plums.

And such d'lightful men to tuck you in your stateroom rugs.

Or if you felt the wobble of the boat a little too.

Well—aren't ship doctors charming in those uniforms of blue?

Betty's back from Europe! Frazzled to a thread!

Glad to get once more into a comfortable bed.

Her bills. Alas, what father said! But why his vain vexation?

Betty's had her trip abroad—such an education!

—New York Sun.

Dear Indignant Mother,—

Why did you wait a week before writing to tell me your views regarding my views of "select boarding schools" for young ladies?

Since the issue before last I have waited for you, because I knew that you would, come you would.

Will you let me confess it, I am glad you HAVE arrived. You know yourself the tedium of these last few weeks, nothing doing, each of us at peace with the other, and nary even an argument to add a touch of spice to life. The question here arises can we be happy, we women, under the circumstances? Put me down among the "Nay" voters.

Well, at any rate, you and I, gentle Mother, will have a little breeze, because at present at least we are evidently not of one mind as regards fashionable seminaries for the instruction of budding womanhood.

But then at the onset you misunderstand me. You say I have raised the revolutionary cry of "down with all girls' colleges and boarding schools." Wrong, my out-grown Mother, what I did say was "down with 'select' and fashionable" seminaries for "refined young ladies." Sensible schools ("for girls") are an entirely different proposition.

At the beginning of your letter you state quite frankly that as soon as your daughters were sufficiently grown up you have sent them, at a good deal of sacrifice to both yourself and your husband, to expensive schools to have them taught those little arts and graces considered indispensable to society girls of the present day. You say that in your time things were different. In those days there was less entertaining of a formal nature, a girl required fewer accomplishments: she could afford to be natural, she had no call in the world to know Latin or Greek. Having but one, or at most two, Sunday best dresses, and simpler meals, there was no question as to the correct thing to wear on every occasion, or how many forks and spoons polite personages required for a meal. And lastly, you say "at home a girl simply won't mind properly and she will insist on being a hoyden."

Re-reading your interesting letter I find no reference as to how your experiments of sending your girls away to a fashionable school eventuated. Whether your daughters arrived with the very latest handshakes and the "nicest" possible method of greeting their old friends, you fail to state, and so I presume they returned to you with the highest imaginable finish—regularly "glossy," so to speak.

For your and "his" sake, Mother mine, I hope that at any rate they have shown themselves grateful for all the sacrifice. I only question the wisdom of the thing.

Because I love and admire the

protecting motherhood of I want, as woman to woman I want, from personal experience, to give you my reasons for the opinions expressed in the article you take such strong exception to.

They are best summed up in the argument that the schools I have attacked do not place before their students the idea of a fine strong womanhood so much as the theory of a super-nice lady-like conduct. Instead of doing things because common decency and consideration ordained that you should do such and such, you were told to do so and so, because "refined" society required it of you.

I talk back on a long line of "perfection" young ladies when the teachers were near them, who were as miserable a type of deceitful selfish girlhood when out of sight of official eyes as your could well imagine. And yet invariably these were the girls held up as models for the rest of us to emulate. It was the surface, not the heart, that we were taught counted for most.

Again, Has it ever struck you that by educating your girls to a "high" standard, that the day will come when you and "he" will jar on their super-sensitized nerves. Has it ever come over you that hardened, toil-worn hands are not ranked among the desirable acquisitions at a select boarding school, that a mother who dresses simply, and acts naturally, is not held up as any model of particular virtue to her late daughters. Does it never occur to you that when your girls return their simple sweet home life may have somehow lost its savor, that your conversation may appear to them dead and uninteresting, and that they are none too backward in explaining to friends of wealth and position, that you are not so fastidious as you are, but frightfully old-fashioned; that in time you become a subject of constant "excuse" on your own children's lips.

One Christmas I remember going to visit the best-dressed and most irreproachably-conducted girl in our college. Looking backward I can see now carefully this girl had avoided any mention of her home, and to a less degree of her people. When I arrived there I soon learned that her mother, who was much broken down in health, occupied a position in a downtown establishment, and that her daughters were purchased at the expense of her mother's complete absence from home. And the girl, was she grateful? you ask.

Not to my knowledge. It was "Mother, wish you wouldn't do this" and again "Mother, you are certainly behind the times" the next time.

Could I recount hundreds of similar cases. A thousand excuses for omissions and commissions at almost every home at which you visited, and you in consequence, rendered absolutely miserable.

Besides I am no believer in a mother making a slave of herself a dowdy, work-worn creature, that her daughter may some day drive her own carriage. A husband has his rights, and a woman who loses her attractions, her personality, a draught to the family wash and scrubbing back door steps while her daughter thumps the piano, deserves what she usually gets, an early grave, and her husband married to a young attractive woman.

To do your duty is one thing to sacrifice your health and husband and home.

If this protest be a call to a revolution I stand by it.

"To-day belongs to the children," we write sentimentally in our magazines. Not so. To-day is the day of selfish objectionable young ignorance. And yet a little child can be such a lovable, wonderful thing.

"To-day" was never meant to be the childhood. To-day was intended for your and my attainment, that we might realize our yesterday, and see our deeds of wisdom, for our children's rearing.

The nursery and the wisely-conducted school room was ever, and should be ever, the place for little folk, and growing girl and boyhood. And instead we plant them in the centre of the stage, "mimie," we say, "this pattern of correctness, and good arts and graces of the Madame, the Duchess, and the savoir-faire of Monsieur." And when we have dazzled their little blinking eyes we cry, "Alas!" have no longer a little child. Helen is quite the young lady now, at six she was so smart she pook-hoed little "Alice in Wonderland."

I pass over, dear Indignant Mother, the beautiful opening you afforded me, in referring to your daughter's lack of obedience to discipline. Her hygienicness, your own far less knowledge, and setting a table should one day bring you all into reproach. Yesterday, to be sure, we used huge silver cruets, to-day they are no longer fashionable. To-morrow again they

may come in. And yet what does it matter, so long as the salt and pepper are there, and we know enough to use our serviettes.

You ask me what then is my opinion of boys' preparatory schools and colleges. The same as regards a badly-conducted establishment as in the case of girls, with this difference. The average boys' school is a thousand per cent better than a girl's. If nothing else it teaches him self-reliance, independence, and makes a better sportsman of him.

It prepares him for his work in the world, to knock up against men, to fight them fair, to look after himself generally, to appreciate home life when he gets it. Given a course at a boy's school, where the Master and his staff are men of high ideals, a badly home trained lad can be-

come a man, and the boy of natural manly tendencies can develop into a man. You have to look no further away than right here in Edmonton to see such results working themselves out before you.

A university education is "another story." I refuse to commit myself. In closing I can do no better than tell you of a little incident that took place this week in a friend's drawing room. We—a small gathering of women-folk—were sitting sipping tea, when our hostess remarked that the room had always oppressed her a bit, from the fact that it had only one entrance. It seemed to her, from this circumstance, as lacking hospitality. I took exception to this, not so much on that ground as advancing another idea that a one-doored room gave one an

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idea of safety. It concentrated any danger that might attack one. Robbers—nothing. I like to face my ghosts and enemies. And then my hostess said a very wise thing: "But, think," she exclaimed, "the chance a second exit affords for an escape."

When I wrote my first article on girls' boarding schools, I left myself that open door. "There are schools," said I, "where the girls are not so, and they are worth seeking out."

"Praise be!" for that way of escape. PEGGY.

A MAN WHO CAN WRITE MASTERPIECES.

A good friend of the Mirror's writes me as follows: "I have just finished reading Mr. de Morgan's 'Somehow Good.' By this time people know that there is a man who can write masterpieces. Has he not written three, in succession, not copies of the 'Old Masters,' but real books? I had almost begun to despair of the generation. Who writes books nowadays? Who has produced in English in the last few years anything that could begin to put in a claim to be a live book? How long it seems since Meredith's 'The Amazing Marriage' and 'The Amazing Marriage'! There were giants in those days. Well, here is one of the same race who has come to his own at last. Perhaps there are others in training."

I have lived with these people for three days and been as friendly with them as I could hope to be. Perhaps they don't like me as much as I like them. One feels that about all the really nice people one knows. Gerry and Sally and Rosalind and Dr. Conrad—I have only known them three days and yet I love them all. Mr. de Morgan introduced me to them and they have made me a confidante of me and so I know all about them.

I have only one sorrow about it all and that is that all the time I was with them, I felt that something was going to happen to them, some final sad thing, I mean. I am awfully glad that it didn't, of course. I want my books to end well, not like 'Richard Feverel' with a tragedy when all seemed ready for happiness. That is like a piece of real life breaking into a picture. In 'Somehow Good,' good DOES somehow "become the final goal of it," but this drowning business that overhangs the latter half of the book like a pall, so that you shiver whenever the sea is mentioned and wonder till you get to the last chapter who it is to be, this drowning business is an extraneous ill to the one from which the book gets its name. Did Mr. de Morgan give me this feeling intentionally, and if so, why did he do it? It spoils my pleasantest memories of the book, so that I was on tenterhooks of expectation from the first chapter of St. Semans to the catastrophe. And after all Sally wasn't drowned. No "Farewell with all these shears slits the thin spin life" of all these good people's happiness. Why did he do it?

The only explanation I can think of is that it is to give them all a fresh start. Was Mr. de Morgan's point that Sally was to be "born again," as it were, of "good"? If that is the case, I think it might have been "made" more thoroughly. The only excuse I can find for thinking there may be something in it is the recrudescence in Gerry's mind just before he left the house that fateful morning, of the idea of Sally's parentage in all its horror, and yet this but the effect of the fever and he is longing all the time for Sally's presence to drive away the dream, when the end, which is not the end, comes. I almost give it up. What do you think?

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and cry
A Stander-By

The marriage of Miss Jessie L. Benson, youngest daughter of his Honor Judge Benson, to Mr. Harry Traver Jaffray, of Golden, B.C., took place at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Port Hope, Ontario, on Sept. 2nd at high noon. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. John Ridley of Galt, rural dean, assisted by the Rev. Edwin Daniel, M.A., the rector. Miss Melish presided at the organ, and a full choir was present. The church was charmingly decorated. The bride wore a Parisian gown of white silk liberty robe made in the semi-empire style, with yoke of tulle and touches of pearl and silver trimming. A lace shawl of great beauty fell in graceful folds to the hem of her train, and her handsomely embroidered veil, with wreath of orange blossom, was the worn by her mother. Her sister, Miss Clara C. Benson, was her only attendant. The best man was Mr. Louis S. McMurray of Toronto, and the ushers were Messrs Percy Henderson, Stuart Saunders and H. L. Plummer of Toronto, and T. E. Benson of Port Hope. During the signing of the register the guests listened with great enjoyment to the rendering of a very beautiful solo by Mr. Marvin Rath of Toronto. Afterwards a reception was held at Terralta, followed by a most pleasant luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray left later for the west, the bride wearing a smart travelling suit of golden brown Rajah silk,

with an eren net blouse, and a hat of the same shade, with a touch of coral.

Many Edmonton friends will join in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray the heartiest congratulations.

A large party left on Thursday morning with Mrs. Horace Hickling for Hunted Lake, Albx, to take part in the Albx polo tournament, and also for some shooting. Some of the guests were, Mr. and Mrs. Noton, Captain and Mrs. Amplets, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, the Misses Pinkham and Mr. Milliken. They expect to be absent a week or ten days. Calgary News.

The past week has been more remarkable for the home coming of holiday seekers than for any events of purely social nature. Among other prominent Edmontonians who have returned looking wonderfully well after their summer outing are Mr. and Mrs. Pardee who had a splendid trip to Skagway; Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale and their little daughter, from Gull Lake, and who were on pension at Mrs. Rhoads' until Wednesday, when they moved out to their new residence at "Westward Ho," 17th street; Mrs. Duncan Smith and her small family, who have again taken possession of their cosy flat on Jasper Ave; Mrs. Harold Brunton from a delightful visit to Port Hope, and who is now nicely settled at her pretty new home on Seventh street; Mr. and Mrs. Canby from St. Albert, and a number of others whose names have just escaped me.

In addition there have been quite a number of changes of residence since I wrote. Mr. and Mrs. Calderon, who occupied the lovely residence at 10th and Sixth street during the summer months, have taken a comfortable flat on Twelfth street, next to Mr. T. S. F. Jackson's former property.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Douglas who have had a delightful honeymoon at Banff, Laggan, Vancouver and Seattle, returned to town on Tuesday and have taken a home on Thirtieth street.

Dr. and Mrs. Strong are also expecting to move into their new house on the same street some time during the coming week.

Senator Roy has leased the Kenneth residence on Seventh street south for two months, and Madame Roy and her children arrived in town on Thursday evening, when they moved into their new quarters.

Mr. G. R. F. Kirkpatrick left on Saturday last for Ottawa, where his marriage to Miss Bate takes place on Sept. 15th. The honeymoon, which was to have included a trip to England, has been altered, and instead will be spent in visiting some of the leading American cities and smart summer resorts.

A host of good wishes from Edmonton will follow Mr. Kirkpatrick in his journey, where he, in the capacity of manager of the Imperial Bank, is one of the best known and highly-respected men, while Miss Bate, during her recent visit to her sister, Mrs. Calderon, made friends galore, all of whom will be delighted to welcome her to town as a permanent resident.

Mrs. A. Y. Blain, formerly of Toronto, Ont., who, with her husband, the recently appointed Inspector of Legal Offices in Alberta, moved to the Capital during the summer months, is now comfortably settled, and will receive for the first time since her arrival at their new home at 182 Fifth street, on Monday and Tuesday afternoons next.

Miss Shibley was the hostess of a most enjoyable tea on Wednesday afternoon, when a merry party of women enjoyed a cup of the social beverage on the shady veranda.

Miss Gladys Bouchier's wedding to Mr. T. Kelly is to take place very quietly at All Saints' Church on the 22nd inst, when only the family and a few of her intimate girl friends will be the invited guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves were the guests for a few days recently, of Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea at their charming Peachland home, and Mrs. Ewing expects to spend a few days in the same hospitable "chalet" before returning from her summer outing.

I have beside me, as I write, a collection of the most perfect fruit I have ever seen, grown in His Honor's orchards. Apples the like of which have never been imagined; peaches, plums, nectarines and other such fruit for the gods, that make one long to flee this bustling city, and forever a tiresome meat diet, and her away to beautiful Peachland, where one could live on "peaches and cream," and out of hearing of the city's roar and tumult.

It is perhaps a little late in the day to put in a good word for an excellent play which only holds the premier night, but if it is so late, this reaches you in time. I should like to commend to you "The Walls of Jericho," being played by the Harold Nelson Co. at the Edmonton Opera House on Thursday and Friday nights, at a Saturday matinee,

and again on Saturday evening of this week.

The only weak part of the play is its name, which to my mind is a plain misnomer. The dialogue, the situations, and the strong acting of most of the members of the cast are exceedingly clever, while devotees of "Bridge" and their detractors among Edmonton women will have to acknowledge if this be the game, we are as innocent as babes unborn of its first principles. Harold Nelson, many declared, has never been seen to such good advantage, and again—the play is very well worth taking a good deal of trouble to see.

The most sincere and loving sympathy will be extended to Mrs. James Biggar, whose father, Mr. W. B. McMurrich died at their summer home in Muskoka on Sunday last.

Mr. McMurrich was one of the most influential and highly respected citizens in Toronto. A man who numbered his friends by the hundreds, and whom to know well was to love and respect; his loss to his family is an irreparable one, and in Edmonton, where his widow and daughter have had a very wide circle of friends, deep sympathy is everywhere expressed.

Mrs. S. B. Marriott leaves for the east on Wednesday next.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Griesbach returned from the east on Monday.

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(continued from page 5)

lightful comic opera, with which the San Francisco Opera Company broke the established box office records at the Marquand Grand Theatre, Portland, Oregon, the Los Angeles Theatre, Los Angeles, Cal., the records for single night performances at the Spokane Theatre, Spokane, Wash., as well as the record for performances at the one dollar schedule in the Grand Opera House, Seattle, "Olivette," Audran's feats of fun and music which the management of the San Francisco Opera Company has

brought up to the minute, and a little ahead, as well as Charles Lecocq's sparkling comic opera "Girolo Girolo" will be presented in the following order, Monday and Tuesday nights "Fantana," Wednesday night, "Olivette," Thursday night "Girolo Girolo," Friday and Saturday matinee and night "The Toymanaker." Seats are now on sale for all performances.

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